No leſſe beloued of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer my land. *exit Gloſter.*
Queene Take vp the ſtaffe, for here it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be but in King Henries hand?
Yorke Pleaſe it your maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating,
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth pleaſe.
King Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drum and ſand-bag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1 *Neighbor* Here neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup
And feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough. (of ſack.
2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.
3 *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour
drinke and be mery, and feare not your man.
Armourer Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.
1 *Prentiſe* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2 *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.
3 *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be mery Peter,
And feare not thy maiſter, fight for credit of the prentiſes.
Peter I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou ſhalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all my mony that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale
with my maſter, he hath learnd ſo much fence already.
Salſb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes:
Sirra, whats thy name?
Peter Peter forſooth.
Salſb. Peter, what more?
Peter. *Thump.*

15 Horror— 29 all the money—

Salſb. Thump, then ſee that thou thump thy maſter.
Arm. Here to thee neighbor, fil al the pots againe, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind, for I am come hither, as it were of mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, & Peter a knaue, & ſo haue at you Peter, with down right blowes, as Beuis of Southampton fell vpon Askapart.
Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence already.
Alarme: and Peter hits him on the head and fels him
Arm. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, treaſon, treaſon. *he dies.*
Peter O God I giue thee praiſe. *he kneeles downe.*
Pren. Ho well done Peter: God ſaue the King.
King Go take hence that triator from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reueald to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully:
Come fellow follow vs for thy reward. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirra, what's a clocke?
ſeruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandring in the ſtreetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That earſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verſes written on her back and pind on, and accompanied with the Shiriffes of London, and ſir Iohn Standly, and officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, ſee where my lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Shiriffes?

2 Heres— 7 Alarmes—